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novels of the week, Sydenham, and the Manners of the Day, seem to have fallen almost still-born from the press, notwithstanding the exertions of the publishers.

I fear that there are still some difficulties in the way of rebuilding the English Opera House, at least upon the former site. The Marquis of Exeter who is the ground landlord, claims to retake it into his own hands on forfeiture of the lease by Mr. Arnold, who was bound by one of its clauses to insure the property. Should the Noble Marquis insist upon this harsh construction of the clause, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests intend to let to Mr. Arnold a plot of ground near Charing-Cross, which would be an admirable situation.

I see by the American Papers that Miss Frances Wright, the protégée of Mr. Jeremy Bentham and General Lafayette, is still delivering lectures in support of her system of social economy. The Yankees are very much divided in opinion as to the philosopher in petticoats. Some consider her a genuine star of genius; others one of those star-shots which are all froth and jelly. The same Papers contain accounts of some interesting experiments which have lately been made at New-York, as to the relative strength of cordage made from Russian and American hemp. The results shewed a superiority of more than 20 per cent. in favour of the American.

Temperance societies are become very common in the United States, and as the preachers of temperance are putting into practice their own precepts, they may be expected to increase. An American paper, under the unharmonious title of the "Little Falls People's Friend," informs us that more than one hundred physicians and students in that country have publicly renounced the use of ardent spirits, except when necessary as medicine. We hope the medical gentlemen will not fancy themselves ill too frequently for the sake of administering this medicine.

While on the subject of America, I must notice among the contents of the American papers, this as to the increase of steam-boats. I find that there are now 320 steam-boats on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, whereas, eighteen years ago, the number was only 170, the largest of which was smaller than most of the small boats now in use. It would be curious to trace the increase of steam power in our own country, as applied to vessels, and still more curious and satisfactory to shew how few accidents result from its use. On the Dover station, although at least one thousand voyages take place annually by steam-boats, we never hear of a single casualty as to human life. I will conclude my American notices with the following, which appears in the Virginia Herald under the head "Sam Patch, undone."—"Sam, as most of our readers know, was the adventurous youth who split his skull in throwing a Somerset down the Falls of the Niagara: "On Christmas Day, Miss Ross, of Pownal, Vermont, had been to 'Brown's Mills,' and taken a bundle of rolls from the carding machine, with which she proceeded homewards; but thinking to reach home sooner by going across the lots, than by taking the common route, she left the road and proceeded towards her house. It seems that she soon lost her way,

and after wandering about for some time, she returned to the place a short distance to the east of the mills above mentioned, where there is a perpendicular rock, and a very deep declivity, down to the road; not knowing where she was, she boldly walked off from the cliff, and fell perpendicularly sixty-three feet, when she rebounded, and fell seventy-three feet more, rolls and all! making the whole distance, either perpendicular, or over sharp rocks, 133 feet!—and, what is more astonishing, the girl received no injury at all! The distance, says the Williams Town paper, has since been accurately measured by Augustus Starkweather, Esq. and another competent person, so that there can be "no mistake."

To the Redacteur of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

SIR—I am réellement astonished to observe in the beau monde, where the belles lettres are cultivated, a mélange of French and English which is positively affreux, and shows that that language is becoming de jour en jour a miserable tongue of the society of haut ton. En effet, one cannot partake of a dinner sans hearing this jargon, nor attend a bal paré, without this species of conversation, which is tout-à-fait disgusting; nor can one participate in a fête champêtre, without being apostrophé by one of the partie, who watches every opportunity to show his esprit; and, if, malheureusement, a stranger happen to be pour la première fois, in such an assembly, where every one is savant dans genre, he, not being acquainted with la langue française, sees himself all at once hors de combat. It is quite impossible, Mons. le redacteur, to enjoy a tête-à-tête without hearing this langage. Ma foi, it would do very well, si, every one of the partie knew le français.

I have observed that young militaires and a few chirurgiens have a penchant for this affreux language, thinking that this motley jargon makes them appear grands, and gives un ton d'empressement to their Frenchified English conversation, which is very seldom otherwise piquante; but chacun à son goût. I am not a little étonné to be informed that a young Demoiselle cannot invite a male friend to a soirée, it is always the etiquette of society that a gentleman invites a Monsieur, and a lady une Dame: this is called bon genre. But sir, what will you do then with the jeunes veuves? Allons, allons, Monsieur, this soi-disant haut-ton is not very sortable: to prevent ladies from enjoying the charme of society is not very poli. They cannot have at their own apartments garnis a tête-à-tête, without creating in the neighbourhood certain cancan, that is to say, no one can be sage chez soi. This saying is tout-à-fait disagreeable to bienséance. But, n'importe, chaque pays, chaque mode.

What strange coutumes in a saloon, M. le redacteur! when a cavalier has la bonne fortune to meet a lady à une soirée, and pays her his devoirs as en qualité d'un galant, she is observed by her entours, who watch every geste of hers, and every mouvement of his, which is, convenez-en, very disagreeable. But the pis is, that that same polite individual has not the privilege to ôter son chapeau, to this very same belle, if he should meet her, par accident, in the public streets, the day after. This respectful compliment appertains to the ladies, ainsi, they can pass by l'un, et faire des yeux doux à l'autre.

I am, Mons. avec consideration, yours,
Voyageur.

THE DRAMA.

THE performances at the Theatre during the past week, furnish little matter for further observation than we have already bestowed upon them, as they have entirely consisted of a repetition of those pieces in which Mr. Macready had previously appeared—with the exception of Werner, a tragedy by Lord Byron, which we learn has been adapted by Mr. Macready for stage representation, the story on which the Drama is founded, was taken by the illustrious author from "Lee's Canterbury Tales," to which he has added one character—I da Stralenheim—which contributes much to its dramatic effect. The other characters have merely undergone some trifling modification, and in many parts Lord Byron has preserved the exact language of the original; the story is deeply interesting, and in the present instance is more remarkable for the simplicity of its development, than for any of those exalted flights of imagination which distinguish most of his lordship's other productions. Mr. Macready as Werner was every thing that could be wished, and sustained the interest which the character excites in every scene, with powerful effect—the other parts were efficiently represented.

The pantomime still holds its ground, and continues to be performed nightly, many alterations and curtailments appear to have been made in the action of the piece, since its first representation, all of which we consider decided improvements; by the way, as this is a species of performance in which our juvenile folk are much interested, and particularly adapted for their amusement, we would recommend the manager to appoint a night when it may be presented at an hour which would enable them to get early to bed, and allow those who are residing in the vicinity of the city, to gratify their children, by witnessing the feats of "Harlequin and Cock Robin."

NEW MUSIC.

'Tam O'Shanter, and Souter Johnny,' written by C. Butler, Esq. the Music by Dr. Smith. (Willis, Dublin.)

THIS song, as appears from its title, is founded on Burns' well known tale, and inculcates a moral as creditable to the gallantry of the writer, as we trust it may be useful in correcting a custom too often practised in our social circles, of drowning in an after-dinner stoup, the recollection of the ladies in the drawing-room. The poet, without exacting the more rigid discipline of the temperance societies, appears only desirous that our devotion to the bottle, shall not supersede that which we owe to the fair sex, whose delightful society is so frequently sacrificed for too copious libations to the "jolly-god." The music, which is an adaptation of a favourite Scotch air, is pleasingly arranged by Dr. Smith, and as its compass will answer the generality of voices, we think it an excellent table song, and one which we hope, when judiciously introduced, will effect the object contemplated by the writer.

M. Auber has produced another Opera at Paris, called "Fra Diavolo, or the Hotel of Terracina," which has proved highly successful. This composer is rapidly acquiring popularity, and Boieldieu, who, next to Rossini, has been the reigning favourite with the French, has found a formidable rival in the author of Masaniello.

to us only by his deservedly high character in the literary world, and we beg it may not be supposed that any identity of opinion is necessarily implied between us and those whose letters are inserted in our pages.—Ed.

Moschelles has been giving a series of concerts at Paris, and confirmed the celebrity which, as a first rate pianist, he has long since attained—the French Journals speak in raptures of his brilliant performance.

Madame Pasta is exciting, by her splendid talents, the liveliest enthusiasm in her progress through Italy, her performance on one occasion at Verona, was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, as it is said that on the eve of her appearance in Romeo and Juliet, she visited the tomb of those lovers, which exists near that town, and in her subsequent exertions, exhibited how deeply her sympathies were influenced by the event.

The Messrs. Herrman have announced an evening and morning concert for the 26th and 27th of this month.

IRISH MUSIC.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Edward Bunting, the well known collector and preserver of our national music, is preparing for the press, another volume of the unpublished melodies of Ireland. We need scarcely say how rich a treat the lovers of original national melody may expect from the acknowledged ability and taste of this accomplished musician.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the annual general meeting of this learned body, held on Tuesday the 16th of March, the following Members of Council were re-elected on the several committees:—

Committee of Science.

1. Archbishop of Dublin.
2. Joseph Clarke, M.D.
3. Rev. Samuel Kyle, D.D. F.T.C.D.
4. Rev. Franc Sadleir, D.D.
5. Sir C. L. Giesecke.
6. Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D.
7. Professor Hamilton.

Committee of Polite Literature.

1. Rev. Jos. H. Singer, D.D.
2. Andrew Carmichael, Esq.
3. Samuel Litton, M.D.
4. Rev. W. Drummond, D.D.
5. Hon. and Rev. J. Pomeroy.
6. James Apjohn, M.D.
7. Rev. Edward Johnston.

Committee of Antiquities.

1. Isaac D'Olier, L.L.D.
2. T. H. Orpen, M.D.
3. Hugh Ferguson, M.D.
4. Sir W. Betham.
5. John D'Alton, Esq.
6. George Petrie, Esq. R.H.A.
7. Rev. Caesar Otway.

The Officers for the ensuing year, are

Treasurer.—T. H. Orpen, M.D.

Secretaries to the Academy.—Rev. J. H. Singer, D.D. F.T.C.D. and Rev. R. Mac Donnell, D.D. F.T.C.D.

Secretary of Foreign Correspondence.—Sir Wm. Betham.

Librarian.—Rev. W. H. Drummond, D.D.

The Vice-Presidents have not been yet nominated by the President, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, who is not now in town, but they will most probably be the same as last year, namely, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Provost, Jos. Clarke, M.D. and the Rev. Fr. Sadleir, D.D. S.F.T.C.D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONETTO.—COLONNA.

Vivo mio scoglio e selce aspra e dura,
Le cui chiare faville il cor m'hanno arso;
Freddo marmo, d'amor di pietà scarso,
Vago quanto più po' formar natura:
Aspra colonna, il cui bel sasso indura
L'onda del pianto da questi occhi sparso;
Ove repente ora è fuggito e sparso
Tuo lume altero? e chi me 'l togliè e furà?
O verdi poggi, o selve ombrose e folte;
Le vaghe luci d'è begli occhi rei,
Che 'l duol soave fanno, e 'l pianger lieto,
A voi concesse, lasso! a me son tolte;
E puro fele o pasce i pensier miei,
E 'l cor doglioso in nulla parte ho queto.

DELLA CASA.

COLONNA.*—TRANSLATION.

Thou living rock! unyielding heartless stone,
Whose sparkling lustre hath my soul consumed;
Cold marble!—that compassion, love, disown,
Yet formed so fair, with charms so bright illumed!
Proud COLUMN! thou, whose nature chill congeals
The streams of grief from these sad eyes that flow;
Where wanders now thy haughty glance?—who steals
My prize so cherished—sole relief from woe?
Ye verdant hills!—ye groves of foliage deep!
Of you fair mischief-darting eyes the light
That grief assuaging, makes it joy to weep,
Now shines for you, but mocks, alas! my sight—
So my dark thoughts on acid gall must feed;
And torn from peace, my heart be doomed to bleed.

H. Y.

* Colonna, (a column,) the family name of the house to which the noble lady addressed, belonged.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Thou wild and playful! as the breeze
Whose wing is ruffling now:
The evening slumber of the trees,
The drooped laburnum bough;
And thine own dark loose locks, that o'er
Thy downcast face, will half
At moments hide, till shaken back—
Thy sweet and blushing laugh.

Thou suiting flower for Spring's caress!
Thus won to silence now,
And sitting 'neath' her leafiness,
With lifted listening brow.
The blackbird pouring over us,
His loud yet soft delight,
Is like thee—neither has a grief—
A thought of storm or night.

How lightly drops upon my neck,
That soft encircling arm!
A purer wreath than pearls to deck,
A thing the heart to warm.
My fawn-like favourite! soul hath touched
Like light thy form and face;
And to thy slightest motion given,
A gay yet stately grace.

Oh! very beautiful thou 'lt be,
When to the sun of time,
The bud of hope uncloses free,
And thou adorn'st thy clime;
And with thy mind's rich fragrance fill'st,
The atmosphere around,
Making the circle where thou art,
Seem like enchanted ground.

But they'll wreath the Grecian head of thine
With gaudy garlands bright;
They'll let no shadowing veil decline,
Over that fine eye's light;
They'll teach thee 'tis not well to let—
That simple crimson blush,
So often to thy careless cheek,
At each emotion rush.

Yes—thou art for the world—and I
Know what the world ordains:
The crystal soul's transparency,
Its misting breath profanes.
I shall not feel to thee as now—
I shall not love thee so;
For this first singleness of heart,
I shall but faintly know.

Yet in the triumph of thy gifts,
When dazling with delight,
If thou should'st start as truth uplifts
Life's curtain falsely bright:
Remember this one silent hour!
Wert thou not happy here?
Gifts are but grief too well thou'lt learn:
Steal back and veil them, dear!

Z. Y.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

Nothing but "Memoirs," whether forged or real, will at present sell in Paris. In addition to the quantity of trash of this description lately published in that city, there has been just announced, Memoirs relating to the Emperor Napoleon, from the notes of M. Constant, his first valet de chambre (?) who was absent only for a space of eight days, during sixteen years' personal attendance. M. De Bourienne has portrayed the Emperor at the council-board and in the field—M. Constant will introduce him in his night-gown and slippers, and will, doubtless, afford an opportunity of judging whether the old adage is true, "that no one is a hero to his valet de chambre."

It is somewhat singular that the Netherlands should possess but one publication—and that one edited at uncertain periods—which is devoted to the Fine Arts and Sciences. It is called the *Messenger de Gand*, conducted by De Bast, and the members of the Society of Arts at Ghent. What is become of taste and *virtu* at Brussels, the capital?

The London novelties of which we have heard since our last, consist of the *Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney*, in the press. The recent controversy about the breaking of the line, is supposed to have hastened this publication; but it had been long in preparation by a member of the family; and report says will form a source of not less valuable information and instruction, than the late *Life and Letters of Lord Collingwood*. The *Family Cabinet Atlas*, constructed upon an original plan. The *Game of Life*, a novel, by Leitch Ritchie, author of *Tales and Confessions*—Fiction without Romance, or the *Locket Watch*, a novel, by Mrs. Polack.—A new work on the French Language, by Mr. Tarver, French master of Eton, on the plan of the *Enseignement Universel of Jacotot*—*Essays in the different branches of Philosophy*, by the Rev. Dr. M. Blair, F.R.S.—*Oxford English Prize Essays*, now first collected, the Earl of Eldon, Mr. Gratian, Lord Sidmouth, Bishops Burgess, Colestone, Heber, and Mant, Professors Milman, Sandford, and Robertson, Rev. R. Wheatly, &c. &c. are amongst the authors.—*Tales of Scottish Life and Character*.—*The Picture of India*.—*The Village and Cottage Florist's Directory*, by James Main, A.L.S.—A new Volume of *Country Stories*, by Miss Mitford.—*Ramphal de Rohais*, a Romance of the Twelfth Century, by the author of *Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean*.

There is in preparation a new edition, with additions, of the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, by Henry G. Bell.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Pilgrim of the Hebrides, by the author of *Three Days at Killarney*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Dr. A. Thompson's *Sermons against Universal Pardon*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. boards.—Wilson's *Protestant Truths and Roman Catholic Errors*, 12mo. 6s. boards.—Leak's *Travels in the Moors*, 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 5s. boards.—Marley on Diseases of Children, 8vo. 9s. boards.—Scrutt's *Manual of Devotion*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Harrison on *Water Colours*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards.—Lloyd's *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards.—Temple's *Travels in Peru*, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s. boards.—Carwell, or Crime and Sorrow, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Blunt's *Veracity of the Books of Moses*, crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Francœur's *Mathematics*, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. boards.—Griffith's *Sermons*, 8vo. 11s. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We think the noble friend of Rosenkranz must have proved oblivious, as 'Fair Eyes' first met our smiling vision on Sheelah's day. We can assure him that we gazed on them delighted—

Sounding the blue depths of each other's eyes;
And that "we have compassion in our bowels," though, like the *niggers*, he may 'tink we've got no feelings.' His admirable lines have however much higher claims, and shall adorn our next.

Marcus also proved too late for this week, but also shall appear.

We feel much indebted to H. Y. and in reply to the postscript of the very pretty billet we received, beg to assure the writer that the trouble there alluded to will be to us a grateful and agreeable task.

M. of T.C.D. is so redolent of Spring, that we reserve him for our first sunny April Number—meanwhile we shall be glad of his promised favours.

Our very able and distinguished Edinburgh friends, of the *Literary Journal* and the *Literary Gazette*, do us infinite honor by their warm commendations and quotations; but though on Mad. Dacier's principle they are pleased to pluralize our humble name in the seal of their affection for our person, we could wish to be spared from being thus thrust upon the public in our individual capacity. If they are pleased with our labours—well; but personal notoriety we do not at all ambition; and therefore we cannot regret that most of the guesses of our last-named contemporary were erroneous.

The extreme press of matter, relating peculiarly to Ireland, and therefore, as we conceive, more specially interesting to our readers, has somewhat curtailed our usual varieties in Periodical Literature, and other important matters, this week; but we shall take an early opportunity of bringing up our leeway.